



# Ivy Leaves

1999~2000

**Art and Literary Magazine  
Anderson College**

Ivy Leaves Production Assignments  
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Literary Editors: Chris Fyock  
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Katie Blake  
Heather Burges  
Beth Dotson  
Demarcus Kilgore  
Kim Langston  
Heather Vaughn

Cover Art/Design: Nichole Chestnut

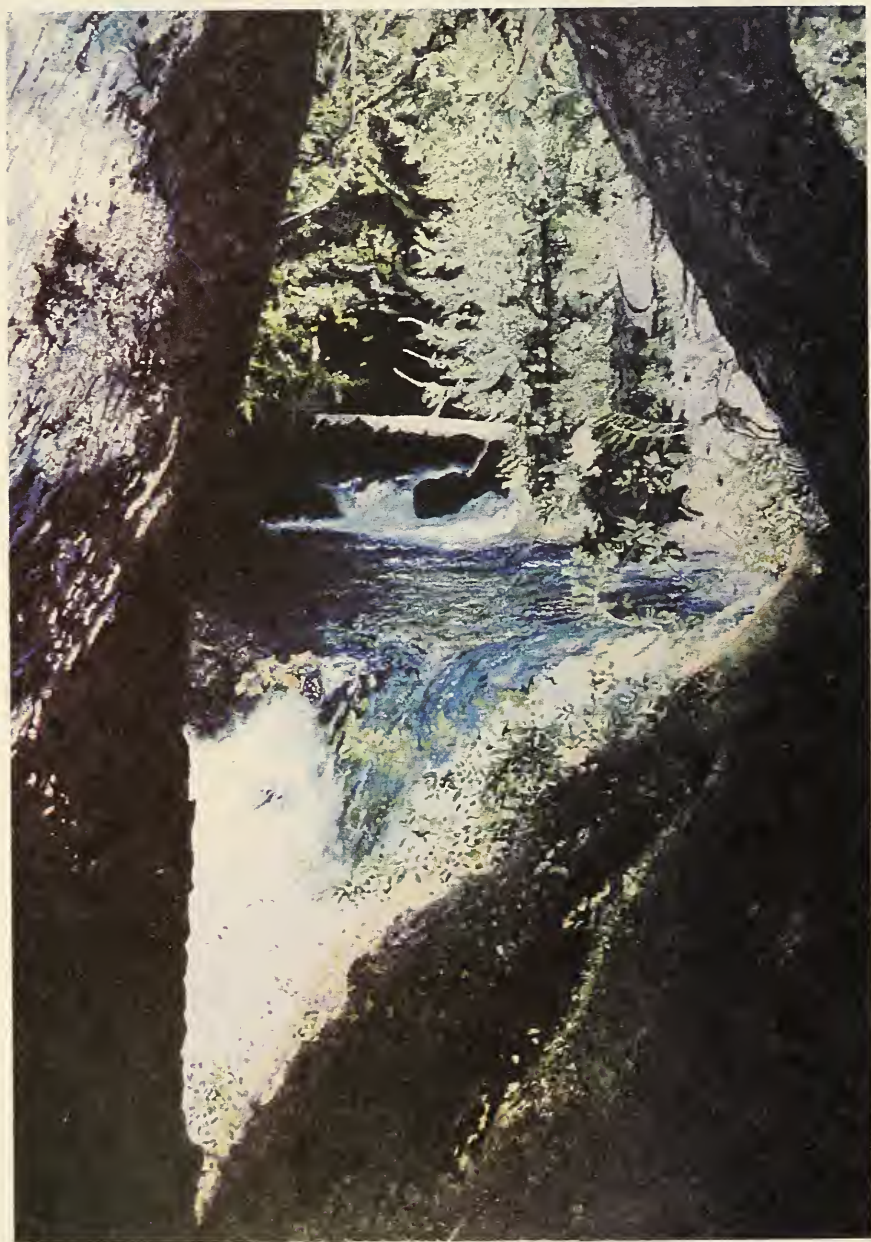
Faculty Advisors: Susan Wooten  
Wayne Cox

## Lost in Myself

Love is not love that is founded on yourself.  
She loved me; I loved that more than I love her.  
Her soft, trembling voice strengthened my security.  
Her smile, her lovely dimples accenting soft lips,  
Constantly reminded me that I was perfect for her.  
And I am wretched; my pride built our foundation.  
Too impressed with finally being good enough,  
I refused to humor any idea of failure.

So I took that starting point, that false foundation,  
And I tried to love her, only to indulge in my greatness.  
Her gentle and confident laugh, which crisply pierced  
silence,  
Echoed clearly in my head, purging my humility.  
Self-esteem has been banged into my brain,  
And all this Freudian nonsense has made  
Me believe the lie that I am good enough.  
Lost in this façade of perfection, I have now lost her.

—Asa Moran



**Serenity**

*Heather Vaughn*  
oil on canvas

## **The Shallow End**

Back when we were teenagers the summer  
Seemed much longer and the moments were rich.  
I remember seeing Sera lying on a warm rock  
By the shallow end of the swimming hole  
And looking like nature's princess,  
The water glistening on her tanned legs.

The sun shone off of them as if she'd been born  
To the river and the whitewashed stones that gathered  
About the edge of the pool of water.  
I heard the river sing songs to her only.  
She was a religion in herself.  
I realized lately that Sera wasn't the essence

Of only that moment, but of all my moments after.  
Being old had brought me to the deep end.  
The years have been much kinder to her,  
And even with this age on my face  
She moves briskly down the street, smiling  
At how I love her.

*—Jim A. McElhannon*



### **The Promenade**

It was the season of our love.  
We met on the grassy hillside  
That cool spring day  
Beneath the blossoming tree.

Your cheeks reflected the hue of my dress  
And your lips were stained by wine.  
Love danced between our gazes  
And mingled in our words.

I smiled shyly as you took my hand  
And drew me closer in.  
Your charming smile and inviting eyes  
Carried me away.

And on our love I soared—  
As you, delighted, watched.  
We left the hillside that spring day  
To laugh, in love, among the clouds.

—*Diedre Evans*

# Searching

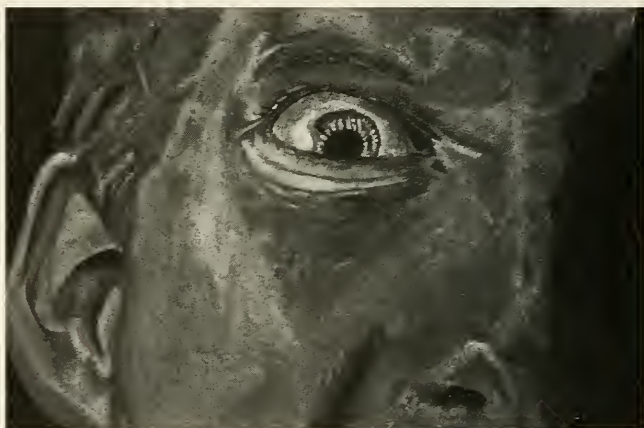
In this blizzard of so-called snow  
We search for reasons to know  
Ice and fire we try mixing  
We freeze and burn dreadfully slow.

We only talk missing it all.  
You have another—wife she's called  
Why, not once but twice, answered ice  
No, to say yes would shatter wall.

We were meant to be bound apart  
Hours wondering how to sort  
Burnt bits from frozen icicles  
Life's wicked memories sear hearts.

We are two halves to never whole,  
As we wait, taking our frail souls  
Life takes its bitter icy toll,  
Life takes its bitter icy toll.

—*F. Theresa Gillard*



**Untitled**

*Jason Long*  
charcoal and conte



## **New Orleans**

color-darkened lines of the street vendor  
a nose much like hers  
eyes that do not quite dance  
as hers do  
but hair that falls very naturally  
and a mouth that smiles  
much as Sarah's does  
it was a quick moment  
caught on paper by a man to whom I paid  
five hours worth of my work  
so that when I'm old I will remember  
New Orleans  
and I will smile

—*Joe Moore*

## Goodbye, Again

You phoned to say, "I miss you." Your voice small.  
I smile and think, how nice of you to call.  
You with parachute, never leaving ground  
Searching below for what you think is found.  
You say that fear led things to go awry.  
I say, "I miss your dog," and hear you sigh.

—*F. Theresa Gillard*

## "Blinded"

Sweet brownie-eyed boy  
You were supposed to be mine  
but *she* ate your eyes.

—*Julia Nelson*



**Untitled**

*Chris Dunagan*  
photography

halfway down 414  
well beyond my allotted time  
when I pull over in a station with a "We Now Accept Visa" sign  
I'm deep in love  
deeper in trouble  
I should have been on time tonight  
my rescue is just  
these little things I must do  
to be

the roses of romance lie  
by a stack of Marlboro reds  
the 87 octane lover boys  
have a long way  
to go yet  
it's not that I'd be happy on my own  
just that I know no other roads  
than love beyond the five and dime  
and beauty by  
a gas station rose

just the story of a Romeo  
struggling just to keep his Juliet  
and it's not that she's all that beautiful  
she's just the best girl I could have kept  
we're not going up  
but we're not heading down  
somehow got stuck here in this life  
she's just part of my day  
she's part of all I say and do

but the roses of romance lie  
by the same stack of Marlboro reds  
the 87 octane lover boys  
have a long way  
to go yet  
and it's not that I'd be happy on my own  
just that I know no other roads  
than love beyond the five and dime  
and beauty by  
a gas station rose

## Silk

Walking by the creek on a sunny afternoon.  
Something magnificent grabs my eyes.  
Letting my knees kiss the cool green grass  
I move like an inchworm to get a closer look.

The colors are like a sunflower but  
Her back is lightly sprinkled with powder.  
Winding and spinning her silk home  
Thin spiral-like strands defining the center.

My kneecaps looked like fossils of grass.  
Trying not to interrupt the peacefulness  
I reached out to touch the artwork.  
Before my eyes was another world unlike mine.

I watched every delicate move she made.  
Moving so soft almost afraid to tear the silk trap.  
Waiting for a victim to be ambushed into the deathly prison  
Eagerly anticipating the fresh red juices for nourishment.

—Kelli Stone



October 31

Halloween's worst on him  
Child who saw his mother die  
On the exciting dress-up night of the year.  
Pop found another jackal to feast on his time.  
Got so drunk he strangled his wife in front of the  
children.

The masks of that night consumed every face  
He'd see during his life; as an only son, scarred  
With the most beautiful woman in his life, gone.  
Known to be crazy, he sits in the hallway humming  
Gershwin and eating candy corn and smelling flowers  
His only sister brings.

For ten years he sat on the street corner during  
daylight  
Singing about spoons full of sugar.  
The night brought the classical music from his radio.  
He didn't know why everyone had to "be" something.  
And asked about his meaning he asks,  
"How many times have you seen a beautiful set of  
eyes?"  
I asked if he was cold  
Because he'd put on a sweater.  
"Isn't it still cold on Halloween, doctor?"  
"Yes."  
"I haven't forgotten?"  
"I guess not, Steve."

I'm in charge of the east wing, but I understand  
nothing.  
Most of the patients have beautiful eyes.  
Comfort is at work.  
Taken through the wringer, they've got me.  
Too many dinners with the family,  
Too many nights in the lab, dogmatic institutions,  
Decorum and virtue,  
The season of the witch is upon us.

I put my mask on the dresser starting tomorrow.  
Steve seems like a much more interesting guy.

—Jim McAlhannon

## Elevator

Otis opens  
His steel gray doors  
Slowly separate  
The gap widens  
People push on  
Weary-footed  
Individuals in  
Suffocating shoes  
Men in pointed-toe  
Leather oxfords  
Women in their  
Highly shined  
High heels, unsteady  
They lean against  
The paneled walls  
Plastered with posters  
Advertising an Internet  
Provider asking  
Where do you want to go today?  
People fidget nervously  
Avoiding eye contact  
As they wait to reach  
Their push button  
Departure points  
Floor by floor  
Doors open/close  
People pass through  
Seldom speaking  
Other than to ask  
For a button to be pushed  
They pass the time  
Till the doors open  
At their desired floor  
And they exit  
Still believing up/down  
Is a destination  
Never realizing  
Elevators lead nowhere  
They simply stop  
Then continue  
In their constant state  
Motion

—*Tammy Powell*

## The Avenue Hotel

She asked to take my order  
I asked her  
If she was Maryanne  
And if the restaurant was named for her  
She said she wasn't  
But her grandmother was  
So I told her I'd take eggs over easy

No

She was Julie  
Julie from Henryville, Kentucky  
Exit 53 off of Interstate 640  
The biggest piece of nothing I'd ever seen  
A truck stop terra incognita to say the least

She knew I didn't belong  
She asked where I was going  
I knew she didn't belong  
But she was never leaving  
"Home" I reply  
Returning from a trip to Chicago

She leaned down  
Really close  
She let her blonde hair bombard my table  
And  
Through thin strands she told me  
She's gonna go

She tells me she could leave right now  
With a Tennessee trucker  
But she is waiting—  
I know she is waiting  
She tells me that it is her dream  
To go and stay in the Avenue Hotel

I know the Avenue Hotel  
It's closed-boarded up—  
I look up through her blonde Kentucky weeds  
Desperately trying to make eye contact  
Wanting to tell her what I know  
But I don't want her to stay  
Like I don't want to get home

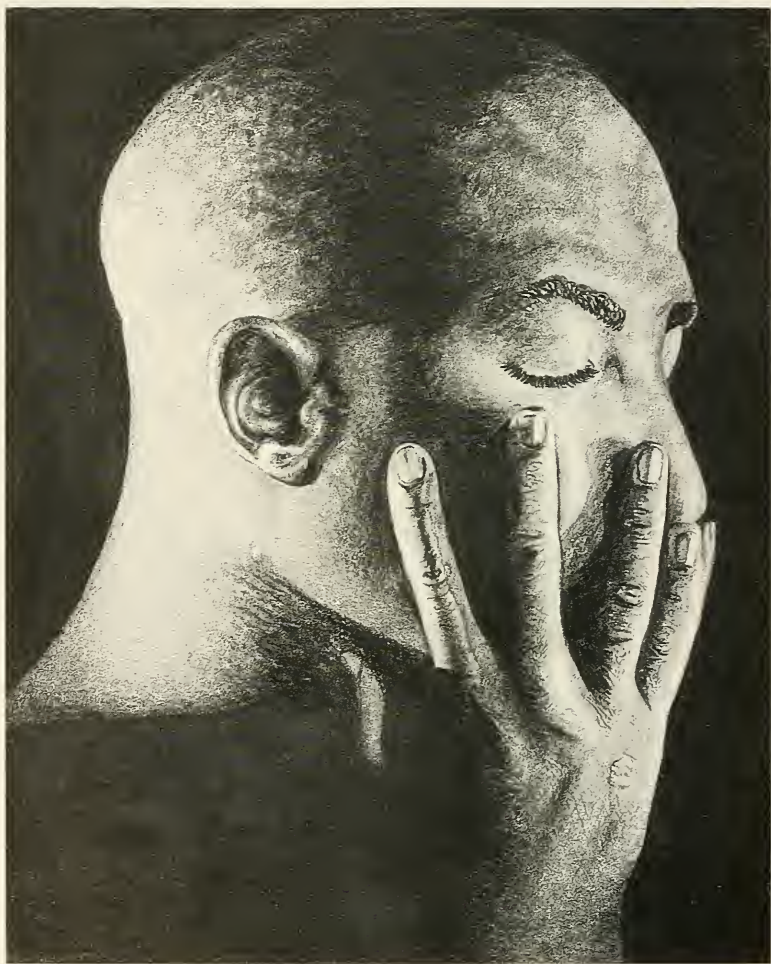
—Brandy Dorsey

## “ Unnursed ”

I never chose not to nurse you.  
I had offered my body to you  
For nine months and offered it again  
like a loving mother would,  
and you wouldn't take it.  
But the choice wasn't yours either,  
Your great-grandmother chose convenience,  
the miracle of technology freeing her.  
And a generation was born  
that wouldn't have survived  
two hundred years ago.  
As I fed you your bottle,  
my milk—  
your milk spilling down my chest,  
I thought of the unnursed,  
bottles propped under receiving blankets  
until they can hold their own,  
no longer joined to the mothers  
they were ripped from,  
no longer held close and caressed,  
suckling the essence of life.

—Heather S. Ifversen





**untitled**

Kisha Thompson  
graphite



## After My Great-Grandmother's Funeral

I loved her,  
(god, I loved her)  
but she never let me close  
enough to know her.  
I remember her  
tight lips, stone face,  
standing arms crossed  
at the doorway  
so we couldn't escape  
the den.  
After her funeral,  
I changed my daughter  
on her bedspread  
in a room  
I had never been in  
while relatives—  
strangers told me  
how she dreamed of going to college,  
how she crept in late after dates.  
Their laughter ended in  
a sudden hush, eyes glistening  
and aware, like birds sensing danger,  
these dream-bereaved people  
who soak up their descendants' dreams  
as if spilled from a child's cup,  
as if to imply that we  
can become dreamless, too  
and I realize  
maybe I can—  
but maybe  
they never dreamed they could.

—Heather S. Ifversen

## The Candle

A candle slowly burns  
The pink and orange merge.  
Soft honey flame and pink beeswax  
Graze one another nervously,  
To form warm nectar.

Nestled within the golden arms of candelabrum,  
It seems regal and clever to most.  
But ask the hanging tapestry near the door  
Speak to the long satin quilt over the bed,  
Converse with the maple dining chair;  
Recoiling from the berry scent of hot paraffin.  
Most will tell you  
That only flesh can speak, but  
Not all.

I have seen the wax and flame  
Lick upon the hem of my dreams,  
Spring and grow upon the polyblend of me,  
Silently clinging to the essence of skin and bones—  
Blazing and burning continuously;  
All in the name of warmth and protection,  
Until my flesh will no longer speak  
And I become my house.

—*Adrienne Geer*



## *Honey Jar*

Plunge into a jar of honey  
Float through its topaz light.  
Let others crave chocolate  
or swirl in caramel desires,  
drench me in honey.  
Encased, it seems serene;  
simply sugared, orange bumblebee  
kisses.

Released, it's untame  
Its sweet tongued whispers tickle  
my lips,  
a smooth river of gold rippling  
in my mouth  
hissing softly, seductively  
over my tingling taste buds  
then somersaults off my tongue  
to satisfy my hunger.

—*Julia Nelson*

## Watermelon

Used to, when we'd eat watermelon  
Grandpa would tell us,

    "Eat a seed, and you'll grow  
a watermelon vine,"

And we'd look at him

    to see if he was crazy  
or laughing at us.

Then, we'd see the twinkle  
in his eye,

and know it was all a joke.

Now when I see a watermelon,

I smile to myself

and remember us

around the kitchen table,

and

the sound of that big melon

opening with a sigh

after the first knife cut,

and the pull of Grandpa's hands

as the green skin opened

and the ruby red fruit appeared

like wet shiny lips

gasping

in surprise.

—Margaret B. Hayes

## **Knot-Head & Air-Head**

As a child, I was quiet and dutiful  
Following mama around,  
nodding in agreement  
Until I turned 14 and didn't  
want to be a Baptist anymore...  
Every day of my teenage life  
we had a spat or four.  
She was "ignorant" and lost her temper  
and I, like my "damn" father,  
sat calm and indifferent.  
Mama tried glaring fear into me with her eyes  
but I made her cry by cutting with double-bladed words  
that burned with guilt.

As I've matured, Mama and I are tolerant  
Of each other and work harmoniously  
On the flower gardens at home;  
Until I plant wildflowers around the peace roses.

—*Julia Nelson*





**Self Portrait**  
*Sunny Mullarkey*  
oil on canvas